THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1686.

Choice Poetry.

SORROW ON THE SEA.

Original Novelet.

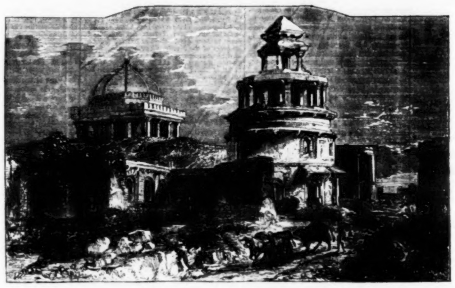
THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Our Picture Gallery.



ANCIENT BUILDINGS NEAR FEROZE SHAH'S PALACE, DELHI.

The city of Delhi is still the seat of a phantom imperial authority, but looks as if it had fallen never to rise again. Its ruins, however, attest its former grandeur, for they extend over a surface as large as the whole of London, and amply sustain the assertion, that when Delhi was the capital of Mahommedan India, under the Affghan or Patan dynasties, its inhabitants numbered upwards of two millions. At present they are probably not a tenth of that number, although Delhi is considered the most important British station in North-Western India.

The inhabited part of Delhi is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded with an embattled wall, strengthened with bastions, a moat, and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and, above all, are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumma Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India. The chief material of all these fine buildings is red granite, of a very agreeable though solemn color, inlaid, in some of the ornamental parts, with white marble; and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character. It far exceeds anything at Moscow. The Jumna, like the other great rivers of this country, overflows, during the rains, a wide extent; but, unlike the Ganges, does not confer fertility. In this part of its course, it is so strongly impregnated with natron—extensive beds of which abound in all the neighborhood—that its waters destroy, instead of promoting vegetation; and the whole space between the high banks and the river is a loose and perfectly barren sand, like that of the sea-shore.

Bishop Heber says, in his lively volumes, that "From the gate of Agra to Humaioons tomb, is a very awful scene of desolation; ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brickwork, freestone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa, in the Crimea; but this was Caffa on the scale of London, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as London itself cannot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan Kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput, which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the Emperor Shah Jehan, he removed many of its inhabitants thither; most of the rest followed, to be near the palace and the principal markets; and as, during the Mahratta government, there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shah Jehan-poor (city of the King of the world); but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation, and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the Emperor's eye."

It has been remarked that the Patans built like giants, and finished their work like jewellers; yet the ornaments, florid as they are, in their proper places are never thrown away, or allowed to interfere with the severe and solemn character of their edifices. The breadth and excellence of their style may be attributed to the examples of Hindoo architecture which they had constantly before them, and which they scarcely ever failed to imitate, adapt, and improve upon. The picturesque mass of ruins shown in our fine pictorial embellishment, exhibits something of the severity and simplicity of the manners of the early Mahommedan invaders of India; but we believe it has not yet been determined to what period the buildings belong. The probability is, that they owe their erection to Feroze Shah, who flourished about the middle of the fourteenth century, and is said to have built forty mosques, twenty caravanserais, five hospitals, a hundred palaces, ten baths, a hundred tombs, and a hundred bridges. But all his building could not save his throne from the invasion of the Moguls, under Timour and Baber, and the ultimate ruin of the whole of his posterity, under Akbar, the celebrated grandson of the latter. Nor could the building mania which subsequently seized upon the Mogul Emperors, prevent the like catastrophe befalling them at the hands of rebellious vassals, brigand Mahrattas, and hard-fighting and incorrigibly-intriguing British. The Mahomedan Empire in India, both in fact and sentiment, is utterly ruined and destroyed, and all that remains of its several brilliant phases, are magnificent ruins like those shown in our illustration, scattered over the face of the country.

Ellen dropped her head upon her hands, sobbing convulsively, and so passed several minutes, until from the opposite side of the room came a slow, heavy step, and a husky voice, saying,

"Mother, tell me the whole story."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S STORY.

Selected Articles.

THREE WOLVES AND A LAMB.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

There are no doubt instances on record wherein despairing bachelors, of fastidious ideas concerning matrimonial partners, after having made up their minds to live a life of single blessedness, have at one time or another, on board a steamboat or in a railroad car, suddenly met with some feminine countenance which has caused them to fall in love at the first pop. Indeed, we have evidence of this fact in a case which occurred lately on the Ohio River, when a young gentleman became so fascinated with a lady at first sight, that he requested permission to retain possession of her Daguerreotype, which she had allowed him to look at. The young lady very modestly informed him that the likeness went only with the original, when he instantly begged to take possession of both, which was granted, and the two are now probably enjoying all the sweets of a honeymoon.

We were witness of an affair of this kind—one which had rather a different termination, however—in one of the Long Island Railroad cars, a short time since. Just before the train started, a young gentleman entered, and, taking a seat near the window, just in front of us, pulled out a paper, and commenced reading. He had not been thus engaged long, when a young lady entered, and took possession of the vacant space at his side. We have said that she was young, and we may add that she was handsome, too. Here eyes were large, dark and lustrous—her hair hung in natural ringlets around a swan-like neck of snowy whiteness—her form tall and graceful, and her countenance the index of a generous and lovable nature. At first the gentleman, who was evidently of a literary turn of mind, was so deeply absorbed in the newspaper, that he did not notice his fair neighbor; but after a while the clouds, which long before had looked threatening, opened their flood-gates, and the rain came down so furiously as to find its way slightly through the top of the car, which was somewhat out of repair, and as it dripped from just above where the young lady was sitting, it threatened the destruction of her very tasteful and costly dress. This circumstance awoke the young man from his deep study, and as he looked up, he found those large, sparkling orbs fixed upon his own, causing the blood to rush madly through his veins, while his heart beat tumultuously, and he evidently considered himself a "goner."

"Allow me," he exclaimed, eagerly, as he arose to exchange seats with the fair one, "to take your place—your dress will be ruined if you sit there, and I have nothing on which the rain will injure."

A sweet smile, and a grateful "Thank you, sir," in a very musical voice, was the answer, as the change of positions was affected.

The little affair seemed to place the two on the most familiar terms at once, and a conversation ensued between them, which did not terminate till the rain was over, by which time they seemed to have exhausted every topic of conversation; and the young gentleman, who looked as though he would willingly have given up his soul to her keeping, if that were possible, and she demanded the sacrifice, tendered to her the paper (a copy of the *Tribune*) with which he had been so deeply interested.

"Here," said he, "is the morning's paper; perhaps you would like to read the news?"

"Thank you, sir," was the reply of the fair one, while a blush mantled upon her cheeks, "I should like to *hear* the news very much, but *I can't read*!"

If a train coming from the opposite direction had suddenly struck us, the young gentleman could not have been more startled than he was at this announcement. It seemed to take him all aback—he ran his fingers through his hair—coughed—wriggled in his seat—and at length, thinking, perhaps, his ears might have deceived him, he ventured to stammer out—

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but did I understand you to say that you could not read?"

"Y-e-s, sir," was the reply, given in a tone of hesitation; "that is, I can't read such big newspapers!"

No further conversation passed between them—the young gentleman's face was once more buried in the newspaper, and "love at first sight" was for once of "no account."—*New York Sunday Despatch.*

LITTLE BOY LOST!

"A gentleman from Africa" was making night hideous with bell, and cry of "little boy lost!" last evening. On he went, along Washington street and up Courtlandt, with the *ding dong, ding dong!* "little boy lost!"

There are "lots" of little boys lost in this great city, that are never cried; little creatures that don't know the difference between heaven and Havre, and imagine that to either place it is "children half-price," who entertain not a doubt that tickets for both can be procured at any of the railroad offices in Broadway."

On Tuesday night we were standing under an awning near "Madison Square," waiting for omnibus "right down"—which, of course, didn't come for full ten minutes—when we discovered, coiled up in a corner, a little bundle. It might have been a little heap of shadow, but it sobbed. Shadows don't sob, and so we were convinced that there was life in the bundle; and so there was—a little girl upon whom scarce seven summers had shone; and here she was, ten o'clock, and a stormy night.

Those precious cosmetics, soap and water, would have made her beautiful. Her eyes were the color of heaven, and her mouth was modelled after Cupid's bow. But then, she was pale, and poor, and ragged. A little basket of flowers drenched with the rain, torn and disarranged, dangled from one hand. Well might she have taken up the melancholy song of "Victor's Orphan Daughter, Ellen," and plead for a purchaser; but she had done better, for, while nature was weeping for her, and such as her,

"It might rain mare o'er graves,"

she had curled herself up upon the door-stone to sleep.

"My little girl, 'tis time you were at home."

"Got no home."

"What! no home?"

"No," said the little creature. "Ma'am and Bobby and me stay at old Mother B———'s cellar, but *that* ain't home, you know;" and this child of sorrow looked naively up in our face, as if she fancied we knew all about it.

"So, you had a better home once?"

Her eyes were strangely lighted with some shining distant memory; she lifted one hand, and brought it down a little way in that emphatic gesture peculiar to children, with,

"I guess we *did*! but," she added, pensively, "'tis 'way, 'way off!"

There was something eloquent in this. Heaven and home, and almost everything beautiful is always "'way, 'way off," in the day-dreams of the little orphans of fortune.

Many there are in this great city—doubtless know that little flower is one of them—who will carry all through life—life of wretchedness and rags though it be—some beautiful memory, like a charm in the bosom, emitting, in the gloomiest hours, like a diamond in the dark, the one ray of sunshine it has absorbed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LITTLE TROUBLES.—We all have our little troubles. There is an elderly gentleman down town, who can boast that he has seen every President from Washington to Pierce—except one—namely, General Taylor; and the existence of this elderly gentleman is embittered by the reflection that he neglected to see General Taylor when he passed through New York, though he might easily have done so. How often does repentance come too late!—*Home Journal.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1854.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

UNRIVALLED ARRAY OF TALENT.

The Proprietors of the POST, in again coming before the public, would return thanks for the generous patronage which has placed them for in advance of every other Literary Weekly in America. And, as the early numbers for the fresh year will show, their support, since consequences of the 1854 have been made with a degree of liberality probably unequalled in the history of American newspaper literature. They have engaged no contributors for the ensuing year, the following brilliant array of talent and genius —

MRS. SOUTHWORTH—EMERSON BENNETT—MRS. DENISON—GRACE GREENWOOD AND FANNY FERN.

In the first paper of January next, we design commencing an Original Novelet, written expressly for our columns, entitled

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forest Wild," &c

This Novelist, the popular author of "Clara Moreland," we design following by another, called

THE STEP MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "Home Pictures," "Outcasts Rescued," &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

Whose brilliant and versatile pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post, and her own "Little Figures."

Mrs. Southworth—whose fascinating works are now being rapidly republished in England—also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR, THE FATAL VOW.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "The Lost Heiress," "The Discarded Wife," &c.

And last—but assuredly not last—we are authorized to announce a series of articles from one who has rapidly risen very high in popular favor. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

BY FANNY FERN,

(AUTHOR OF "FERN LEAVES," &C.

We expect to be able to announce the Sketches by Fanny Fern—as well as the series by Grace Greenwood—in the next succeeding issue of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DENMARK, by Miss DUNDAS, descriptive of the social life and manners of the Danish Capital. Mr. Dundas, Ambassador to Russia, is also engaged on some letters descriptive of that portion of the North American world.

Besides the above original contributions, securing a large outlay of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Novelets, &c., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of engravings we present at least two weekly—one of an instruction, and the other of a humorous character.

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES. Miscellaneous matter, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches, Anecdotes, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, etc., etc., will also be duly given.

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No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

☞ *N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, (post-paid.)*

☞ **TO EDITORS.**—Editors who give the above one insertion, or continue the material portion of it, (the terms) and forward us their paper with the notice marked, will be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement of notice.

☞ Complimentary notices from other papers are solicited for want of room.

Miscellaneous.

STRANGE INHABITANTS OF THE GREAT BASIN.

The recent discoveries in what is called the "Great Basin," the tract of table land lying between the Rocky and the Pacific chain of mountains, are exciting much interest, and amazing bugaboy and superstition again, as to the origin of the people who evidently, in a former period, inhabited these now desolate regions. Captain Walker, the mountaineer, passed through the centre of the basin in 1841, and gave some interesting revelations of what he saw. These statements have been called in question, on account of their supposed improbability; but the record trip of Lieut. Beale gives a degree of confirmation to the facts, which will make the credibility of the statements be more readily admitted. The whole country, from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, between the Gila and San Juan is full of ruined habitations and cities, most of which are on this table land. Captain Walker states that, in traversing this region, he had frequently met with crumbling masses of masonry and numberless specimens of aboriginal pottery.

In his last trip across he saw the ruins of a city more than a mile in extent, the streets of which ran at right angles. The houses had all been built of stone, but all had been reduced to ruin by the action of some great heat, which had evidently passed over the whole country. In the centre of the city rose abruptly a rock twenty or thirty feet high, upon the top of which stood a portion of the walls of what had once been an immense building. The outline of the building was still distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls fifteen or eighteen feet long, and ten feet high, was standing. These walls were constructed of stone, well cemented and well-built. Lieut. Beale, on his first trip across the Continent, discovered in the midst of the wilderness of Utah, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it and found it contained but two rooms. A correspondent of the Placerville Herald gives an account more wonderful still, of a stone bridge, which had also been discovered, the foundations of which were of stone, and nearly six hundred feet—one of the most conspicuous objects in the other, while between the two are low ranges of stone fortifications. This bridge has the appearance of a river once having been between its piers, though now there is not the slightest appearance of such a river in that vicinity.

Next we have an account of a strange race of people, neither whites nor Indians, called Moquis, lighter in color than the Indians of California. The women are unusually fair and may be often met with exposed to the sun. Among them Captain Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and light eyes.

"Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons and vegetables. They have also a number of orchards, filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise are particularly fine. They have large flocks of sheep, and goats, for very fine beards or buttons of cashmere. They are a harmless, inoffensive race, kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked. The warlike Natajos, who dwell in the mountains to the North-East of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such times, they gather in all that is movable from their houses, and flee to a large to their mountain stronghold. Here they sometimes dare not follow them. When a stronger approaches, they appear on the top of the cracks and houses, watching his movements. One of their villages, at which Captain Walker stayed for several days, is over six hundred yards long. The houses are mostly built of stone and mortar—some of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two, and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woolen clothing, blankets, cotton, basket-work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes in this country, the women work within doors, the men performing all the farm and out-door labor.

These people, according to the accounts, have never had any intercourse with the white race. The question as to the existence of such people, and the evidences of a superior civilization once existing in the Great Basin, is one which will probably be settled before many years.

ROYAL REPARTEE.—When the King of Denmark was about to quit the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander observed, "Your Majesty carries away all our hearts." Upon which the king, who had not profited by the general scramble for the provinces, wittily replied — "Yes, sire, but not a single one."

☞ There are three dangerous instructions in the world, viz., hissing calls, penny colics, and gungerdoes.

DICKENS.—Time far no writer has succeeded in drawing so large, permanent profits from the creations of his talents as Charles Dickens. His last romance, Hard Times, which appeared in monthly numbers, had no wide a circulation in that form, that it became a valuable medium of advertising, so that before its close the few pages of the last were completely filled in with advertisements which were stitched to them. The lowest price for such an advertisement was £5 sterling, and many were paid for at the rate of £25 and £30. From this there is nothing impossible in the supposition that the profits of the large sum received for the fair—a total gross sum of £3,000 by his advertising sheets in Hard Times, and Bleak House—may reach about £4,000, though Dickens, having put it down in round numbers, the author of a novel is nothing to do it with it beyond furnishing a weekly article. Though his talents alone, he has now a literary firm, the members of a name of which are known to the public, and a paper reporter to that of a literary Cæsar. At the present moment having a press work on hand, the highest aristocracy is glad to be present, to crack them in wealth, and travelers on remote parts of the earth are glad to receive a letter from them. Their dinners are the most recherche of the highest and most refined circles, exalted noble.

THE MORMON TEMPLE IN CALIFORNIA.—The principal mormon town of Calaveras County, California, are named as follow:

Mormon Island, (or Green Springs,) 42 feet in length; Father Place, length 100 ft., circumference 110 ft.; Mother Place, length 90 ft., the ground is less than 12 ft. in diameter; Three Sisters," a cluster, together, are 92 ft. in circumference and 100 ft. in height; the south one to have a branches 200 ft. above the ground; Mother Tree, 90 ft. in circumference, 200 ft. high; Mother and Son, united at the base, 92 ft. in circumference, 200 ft. high; Pioneer's Cabin, 83 ft. in circumference, 200 ft. high; Uncle Tom's Cabin, 94 ft. in circumference, 300 ft. high; Beauty of the Forest, 72 ft. in circumference, 300 ft. high; Two Friends," 85 ft. in circumference, 300 ft. high. The above trees are all found inclosed in an area not exceeding half a mile in extent.

REV. MR. BERGER.—This gentleman, whose name is widely known in connection with Spiritualism, &c., has furnished numerous items for the New York and other dailies, and is now in his private asylum at the N. Y. Independent. But all the curious are not satisfied. We find all the curious are not satisfied. We find all the curious are not satisfied. We find all the curious are not satisfied. We find

MR. HOSMER.—

THAT SIN.—I have read your statement concerning your faith in Spiritualism, and your withdrawal from the church, and I am sorry to learn that you have taken such a step. I am sorry to learn that you have taken such a step. I am sorry to learn that you have taken such a step.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR BEGUN.

A telegraphic despatch, published in the Paris Moniteur, under date of Bucharest, last 12th, states that two Russian steamers and eight gun-boats, forced a passage through the Danube on the 23rd, and commenced a brisk fire from the Turkish fort, Ibrailoff. The Turks sent out a detachment of troops on board, and the fire killed a Colonel and three other officers, and twelve sailors were also killed, while the wounded amounted to forty. The loss on the part of the Turks is not given, but it is pretended by the Russians that the fort was set on fire by shells thrown from the steamers and gun-boats. No other information is given as to how it is known.

The latest dates from the East are not as late as the 25th, the day fixed by the Sultan for the cessation of hostilities, should a peace report of the Consul Neroboldo wanted further negotiations. The general indications, however, were decidedly warlike.

It is reported that the Czar had said, in answer to a request of England and France that he would evacuate the Principalities, that he would rather back out than fight them.

It is reported in the London papers that the combined fleets of England and France, in the Sea of Marmora, the Turkish fleet having been ordered to the Danube, had successfully maintained the neutrality of their own waters without affront. If they are to look upon the passage of the Russian fleet into the Danube as a violation of the neutrality of the Sultan, the Turkish fleet would have been ordered to the Sultan's safety, and it has no use for Russian vessels in the Danube. The entire fleet is the property, but little in regard to them had been said. The Russian fleet is the property of the Sultan, and would bring Turkey in the eyes of Europe.

There was nearly three hundred guns on board the Russian fleet, but little in regard to them had been said.

It was rumored again that the Four Powers are drafted a new memorandum, and that it is according to be no exciting his influence for these articles.

The Turkish Government displays much military ingenuity. The Sultan has officially requested Schamyl and other Circassian chiefs, with their forces, to join the army of Asia.

The Hungarian General Gagon has been arrested at Constantinople.

The headquarters of the Sultan's cavalry are at Shumla, and those of the infantry at Varna, until the 10th ult.

The Grand Vizier publishes an order, calling for the immediate enlistment of 30,000 men, and a like army for the success of the Turkish arms, and the establishment of their freedom and ascendancy.

Active commotions in the London markets still indicate that certain parties were in possession of enormous and available subscriptions to the public at large are kept all agog in order that preparing for the operations of spring.

The Russians are establishing a strong camp at Galatz, and about 30,000 men in the vicinity.

All the commanders have joined the army in Asia.

A position corps of the Russian army had left Bucharest, and a brigade of Cossacks had been sent to the Danube, with the supposed intention of crossing the river.

The Russian army was in a sad state from the want of provisions.

Wallachia, a man of energy, opposed to the Russians, has been appointed Governor of the Greek Church, in elected Patriarch of Constantinople, and has been received with great honors by the Turkish Cabinet.

Russian commissioners requested a Russian steamer over the Circassians. The true statement of the Russian defeated by the Turks, who captured several guns, and retreated into Asiatic Russia.

Letters from St. Petersburg speak of a strong feeling on the part of Count Nesselrode against the late negotiations.

The Turks are ready for the war in Bosnia.

A meeting of the inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets, London, was held on the 10th inst., and had been held to sympathize with the Turks.

Mr. Cobden, on the 10th, addressed the Manchester Peace Society, and declared himself opposed to the initiation the existing war operations of Russia.

A report was circulated at Paris, that the Czar of Nicholas had abdicated in favor of his hereditary grand duke. The report was believed, and not without reason, to be true, and gave Buonos to the market gone.

The Hillers succeeds Lamoe as French Minister at Constantinople.

The Times every arrangement has been made for the reception of the Constantinople Ambassador, and he would be given an escort to the Sultan's palace.

The Times considers that England and France have done all that could be done to avert the present calamities. The Russians have not been willing to accept the terms proposed by the Western Powers.

The Times declares that England and France have done all that could be done to avert the present calamities. The Russians have not been willing to accept the terms proposed by the Western Powers.

Popular demonstrations are reported to have occurred at Constantinople, during which the Russian Ambassador was hooted, and the Austrian and Prussian palaces pelted with stones.

STILL LATER.

Sir Robert, the latest European dates to the 12th inst.

It was stated that the Porte, of the original terms of peace, had agreed to the evacuation of the Principalities, and of postponing all hostilities until the 1st of November, and that if that time the war should have commenced, in which latter case the order would have been considered null.

The general impression, however, was that the affairs between the two countries would not be speedily and amicably arranged.

The Austrian Government had issued the 23rd inst., stating that the Austrian Empire had undertaken the mediation, and had received the positive guarantee of the Four Powers, which, however, was not published.

The following has been telegraphed from Paris:

Thirty thousand infantry and one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, had been ordered to Toulon. Admiral Hamelin had received orders to proceed to Kalatz on the 25th of October. Admiral Dundas had received orders to proceed with the Russian and expected to leave the Turkish waters.

Paris Markets.—The Liverpool cotton market was dull, and prices had declined one-eighth. Corn was in active request, and a steamer had been chartered to take a cargo. Provisions were reported to be scarce.

The Russian army was in a sad state from the want of provisions.

The Times declares that England and France have done all that could be done to avert the present calamities. The Russians have not been willing to accept the terms proposed by the Western Powers

Selected Poetry.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

From his sweet banquet, amid the perfumed clover,
A white-winged bee
Never the room of happy herd or lover
Such pain of gladness sung
Lone Echo, loitering by the distant hill-side,
Or hiding in the glen,
Caught up, with thirsting, in the tide of sweetness,
Then bade it flow again.

The summer air was flooded with the music:
Winds laid their hasty breath to hear it,
And blushing wild-flowers hung their heads, enamored.
To list their "sentence clear."
Just then, from neighboring meadow rudely roaring,
Broke forth discordant sound,
And twig farmer, from its sunless sprouting,
Ground eagerly around.

Bird uprosed, through the air that yet was thrilling
To his melodious lay,
One instant hanger, on a trembling praise,
The notes entered his way.
But, ah, the death-like matter in his bosom—
His life of song was o'er!
Back, back to earth, from out his heavenward path-way,
He fell, he rose no more.

A sudden silence chilled the heart of Nature—
Lost, blossom, bird and bee.
Seemed such, in matter's mold, to mourn the passing
Of that sweet minstrelsy
And Echo, breathless, in her secret dingling,
Like some one mad, or vain
Waited and listened long, to catch the accents
She ne'er would hear again.

Oh, bird! cannot spirit of the summer woodlands!
How like thy lay to those
Of mortal hands, whose songs begun in gladness,
Close off the sadder close.
This many a strain of human love and rapture,
Poured from a heart of fire,
Hath been, at one wild moment, hushed forever
By sorrow's icy dart.

Home Journal.

Selected Articles.

MORMON POLYGAMY.

We presume that many of our readers have glanced over the rules of Mormon matrimony which have been extensively published of late, with the same astonishment and disgust as our-selves. The fact is now undeniable.—Polygamy is a recognized and systematized thing in one of the territories of this Union. —Inasmuch," says the Mormon code, "as the saints in Utah consider it moral, virtuous, and scriptural, to practice the plurality system, they should seek by every means to reudicate, not only from their own minds, but from the minds of their children, every erroneous, improper prejudices which they have formerly imbibed, by their associations with the nations of modern Christendom." And parents are urged to instruct their daughters, that it is as honorable in them to marry a "good man who is already a husband, as one who is single." The widows' rules which follow this introductory advice are similar to those which are given by some Mahometans to their children. No. 1 requires that the man intending to marry, should first have some truly religious. No. 2 advises him to select his wives, not for their beauty and grace merely, but for their virtue, modesty, industry and cleanliness. No. 3 requires him that his sisters are like weaker vessels, and that in their choice, interest and advice them in the duties of family government. No. 4 enjoins it upon him to regard the secrets of each wife as a sacred trust, by no means to be imparted to the others. No. 5 forbids him to speak of the imperfections of one wife to the other. No. 6 condemns backbites and flattery. No. 7 commands the husband to govern his household impartially. No. 8 forbids him to encourage complaints of one wife against another. No. 9 requires him frequently to call all his wives together, and instruct them in their duties to God, to their husband and to one another. No. 10 recommends him to pray for Heavenly wisdom, that he may govern his family aright. No. 11 commands women to submit implicitly to their husband's authority. No. 12 rejoins that wives should seek to rise in their husband's esteem by good behaviour, not by disparagement of the merits of his other wives. No. 13 advises wives to use gentle and persuasive language. No. 14 forbids wives to speak disrespectfully of their husband in his absence. No. 15 requires that each wife should do all in her power to help and please the other. No. 16 we will copy entire.—Let each mother instruct her own children, and see that they do not dispute one quarrel with each other, nor with any others; let her not correct the children of the other without liberty so to do, lest it give offence. The husband should see that each mother maintains a wise and proper discipline over her children, especially in their younger years; and it is his duty to see that all of his children are obedient to himself and to their respective mothers. And it is also his duty to see that the children of one wife are not allowed to quarrel and slander those of the others, neither to be disrespectful or impudent to any branch of his family."

Such are the matrimonial rules of Utah—both in the code by which, in a territory of the United States, the father and better half of the community are reduced to Egyptian slavery, to Mahometan housework. And to propagate such a system, missionaries are zealously and most successfully engaged, at the moment, in nearly every civilized country on earth. Utah will be, ere long, knocking at the door of the Union for admittance as a sovereign state. Will she be invited to enter? Probably not. We apprehend that a great deal of nervous and striking history will be enacted in and about this Persian Utah of ours. The black cloud in the South-West, no bigger than a man's hand, a man's hand, begins to assume imposing dimensions, and to utter ominous sounds.—*Home Journal.*

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HORSE.

Between the years 1750 and 1760, a Scottish lawyer of eminence made a journey to London. At that period, such journeys were usually performed on horseback, and the traveller might retain side-post, or if willing to travel economically, he bought a horse and sold him at the end of the journey. The gentleman in question was one, who was a good judge of horses, as well as an excellent horseman, had chosen the latter mode of travelling, and had purchased the steed which he rode from Scotland, as soon as he arrived in London. With a view to return, he went to unstabled to purchase a horse. At such a handsome one was offered to him at so cheap a rate, that he was led to suspect that the animal was unsound, but as he could discover no blemish he became the purchaser.

Next morning he set out on his journey. His horse had excellent paces, and the first few miles while the road was well frequented, our traveller bestowed no congratulating himself on his good fortune in having made so good a bargain. At Finchley Common, and on a place where the road ran often a slight descent, and up a similar ascent, the traveller met a clergyman driving a one-horse chaise. There was nobody in sight, and the latter, by numerous plainly intimated what had been the profession of his former owner. Instead of giving the reverend gentleman the road, he reined in, and stopped the chaise, and demanded his money. The clergyman, who was a good judge of horses, as well as of sermons, instantly perceived that the horse he was riding was a valuable one, and that the highwayman had had that day been displayed at the fair. It was supposed by the clergyman that he had witnessed the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal; but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an ride and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until seven the contest was carried on with great spirit of argument, addoning with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said pro and con. During this considerable period, the old gentleman, with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the store of his own mind, or, perhaps he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the human mind, and how they are conquered or retrolved by repeated action; or perhaps, with an inner monitor, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom these future destinies must devolve; at the expiration of